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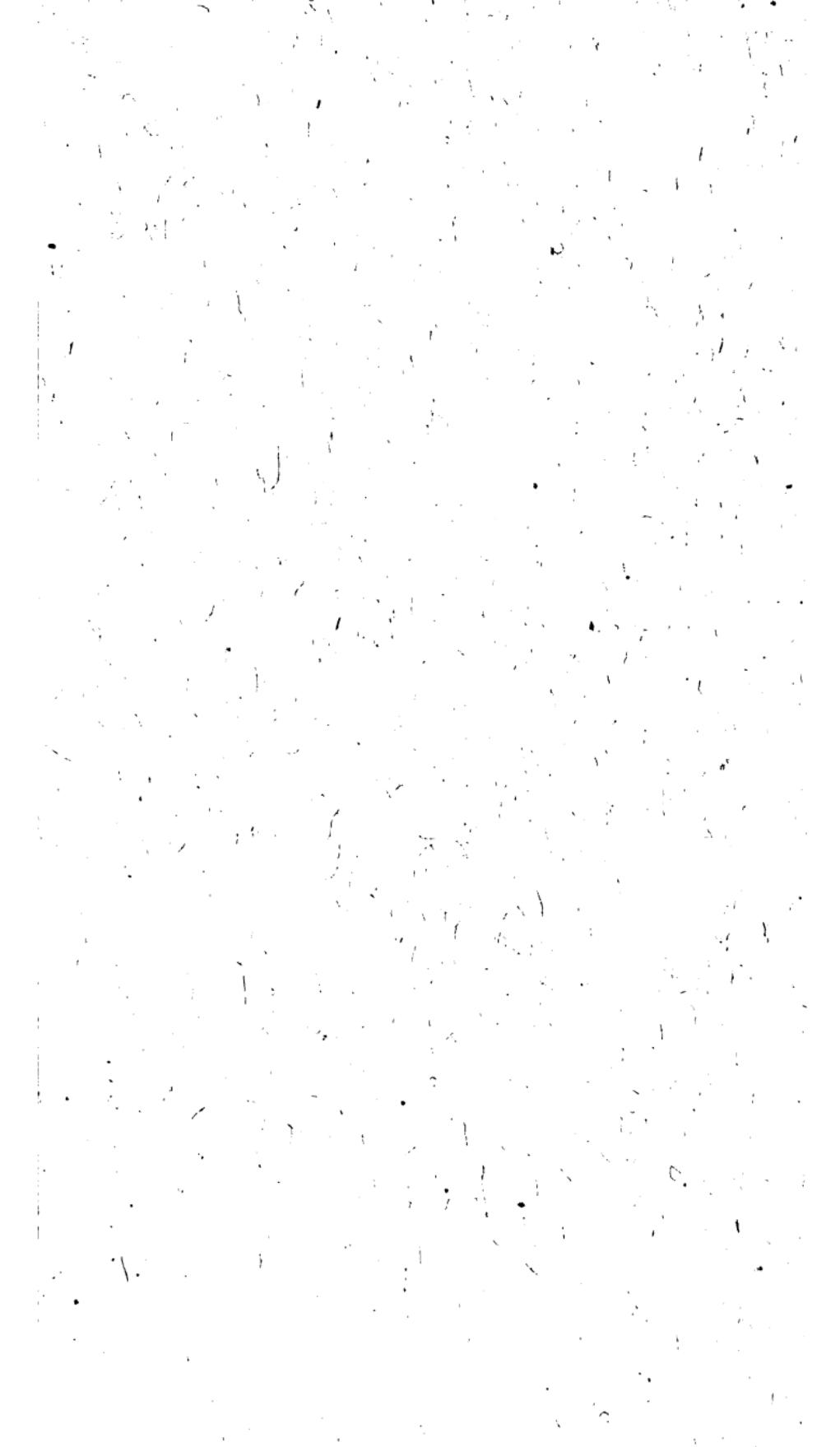
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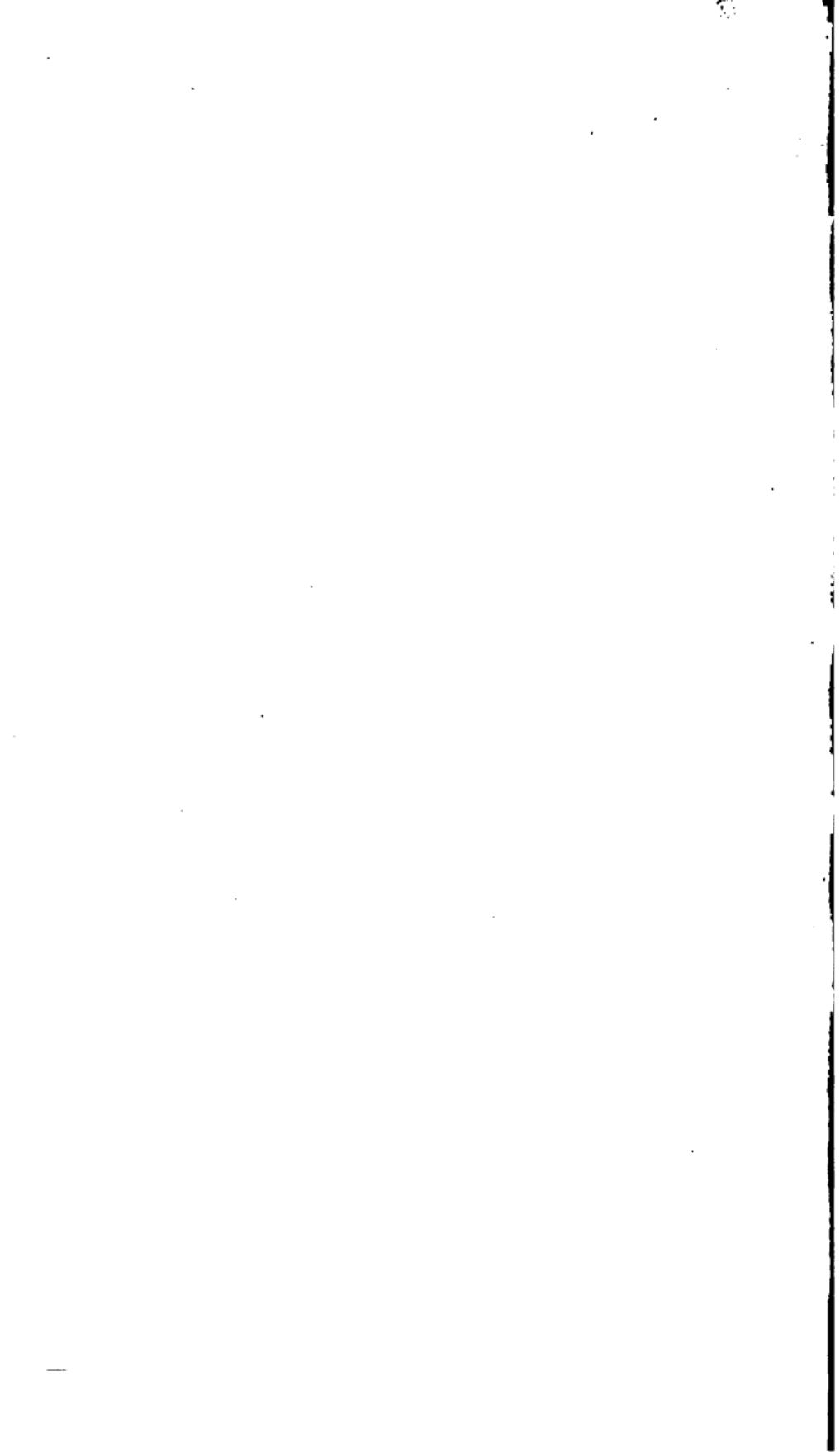
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15
The
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Heath

70





Preserves

Mrs Frances T. Smith.

With the love of her

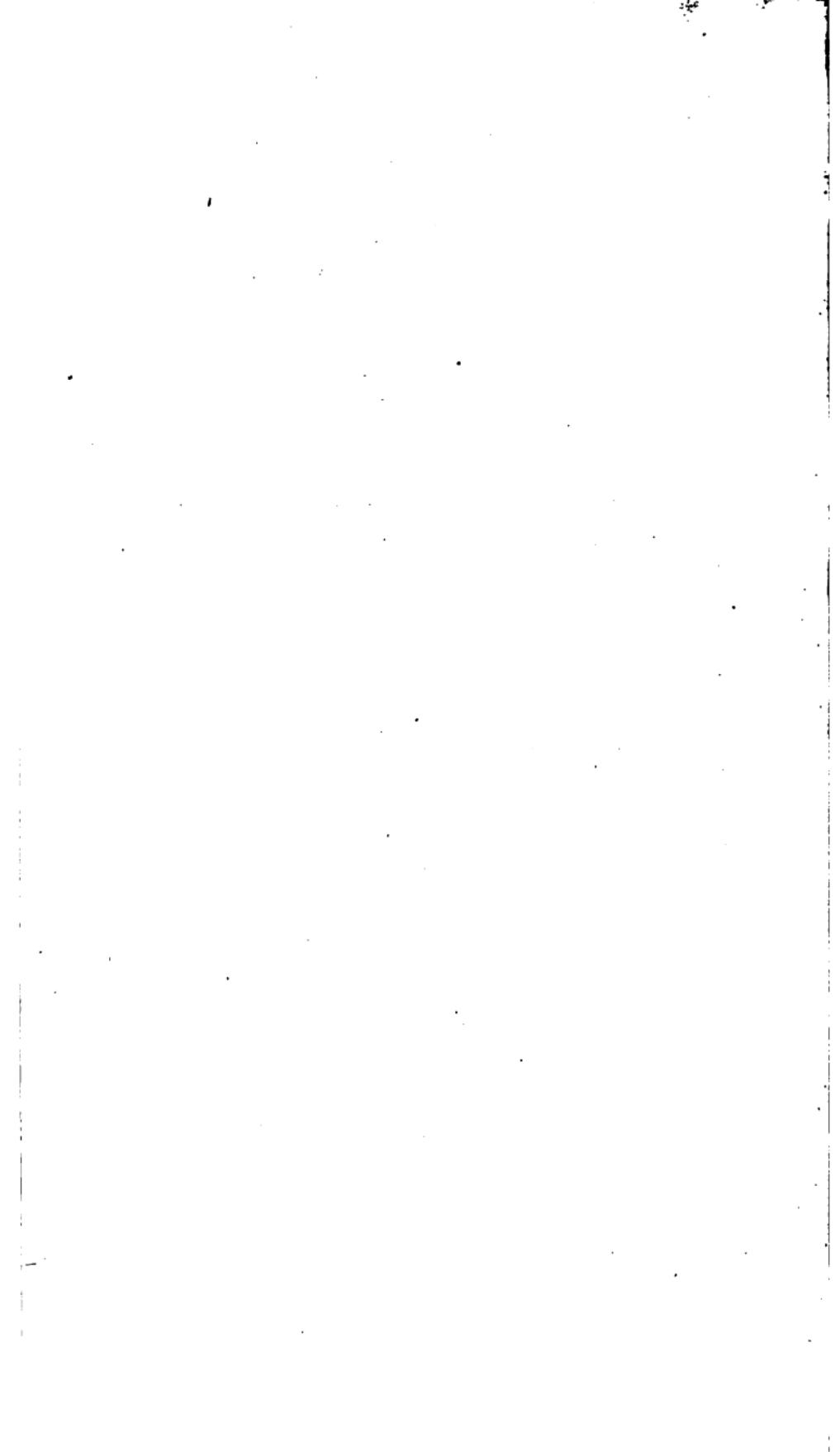
Granddaughter

Frances A. Bolles.

Re-entered by Anna Janina Smith

July. 1869.

Frances
N.B.



NY

8.



Engraved by J. C. Buttre

R. Hoy

347:

1. $\mu^2 \sim \lambda^2 \alpha_s K$
2. $\mu^2 \sim \lambda^2 \alpha_s K$
3. $\mu^2 \sim \lambda^2 \alpha_s K$



John

ECHOES

OF

MEMORY AND EMOTION.

Scallop shell
BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIFE AND LANDSCAPE"

Front

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1889

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ECHOES
OR
MEMORY AND EMOTION.

THE RUINED FOLD.

I.

Words of Love and hope to bear,
Where an outcast sufferer lay,
Was the Missionary's care,
Through the crowded thoroughfare,
As he pressed his earnest way,
On a darksome, wintry day.

II.

All absorbed by sin and woe—
How to grapple—how to cheer—
Sudden seemed the earth to glow,
With an heavenly atmosphere,
And sweet flowers to bud and blow,
As an angel's step were near.

THE RUINED FOLD.

III.

Onward still he wondering sped;
Was it real, was it a dream?
Seemed all sin and sorrow fled,
And all life a peaceful stream,
So the lovely vision spread,
As beneath a wand supreme.

IV.

Came a stranger to his side,
Gently spake with kindly smile,
Sir, thou art a Christian guide,
Tell me where thy flock the while,
The dear Fold where they abide,
That the wolf may not beguile.

V.

Melted then the Pastor's heart,
Gushed emotion from his eye;
Now his grief he must impart,
In a sad and true reply:—
Mine to share my Master's part,
Home nor folded flock have I.

THE RUINED FOLD.

VI.

With my humble, houseless sheep,
Mine as roll the seasons o'er,
Still to wander, watch, and weep :
Poor wrecked mariners ashore,
Ceaseless vigil still to keep,
But all homeless evermore.

VII.

Soft again the stranger spake,
Nay, thy toil shall not be vain,
For the great GOOD SHEPHERD's sake,
Thou hast borne such care and pain ;
Let thy heart with hope awake,
Thou shalt not despair again.

VIII.

With thee still thy Lord shall be,
All his promises are sure ;
These abounding tokens see,
By his spirit all made pure :
Be thou faithful whispereth He,
Great thy joy if thou endure.

THE RUINED FOLD.

IX.

Ask, and lo, thou shalt receive,
And the temple soon shall rise,
'Tis his work, his word believe,
Faith hath power o'er earth and skies.
Go in peace, no more to grieve,
Courage! thou shalt win the prize!

X.

Passed the sweet illusion by,
Came again the wo and shame,
War, oppression, tear and sigh;
Earth, through all her ruined frame,
Sending up a mighty cry—
Haste the Gospel to proclaim!

XI.

Christians hear the humble call;
Give a beam, a stone, a nail;
Plant a rafter on the wall;
Say the feeble shall not fail!
O ye earnest-hearted, all,
Bid the Ark of God prevail!

STAR OF THE PALISADES.

The following poem was written on the heights of the Palisades, among the ruins at Fort Lee. The remains of the regimental quarters are very numerous, affording an impressive and picturesque study for the tourist and antiquarian. The location is on the western shore of the Hudson, some ten miles above Hoboken.

I.

WHERE Hudson wakes his tuneful shell
To bid the Palisades farewell,
As, o'er the western wave, on high,
Their rocky turrets meet the sky,
A frowning summit seems to say,
Ye people, ponder well the day
When heroes climbed these crags so drear,
And planted Freedom's standard here.

THE STAR OF

II.

To recreative hour inclined,
A patriot youth of musing mind,
The devious rugged pathway found,
And stood upon that hallowed ground.
There pensive by a ruined wall,
That oft had turned the deadly ball,
And sheltered many a weary head,
Not pillow'd yet on battle's bed,
An ancient pilgrim sat at rest,
Whom thus the venturous youth addressed.

III.

Good father, mournful yet sublime
These records of the olden time;
Each mossy stone more dear to thee
Than any glittering gem could be.

IV.

Serenely spoke the reverend sage,
Fair youth might I thine ear engage,
This storied scene I could exceed,
And show a gem of worth indeed!
The youth drew near the ancient man,
And thus his wondrous story ran.—

THE PALISADES.

V.

There is afar a land most fair,
And happy all the dwellers there,
Yet once a youthful son would roam
To other climes from that sweet home,
Long years perchance to sigh apart,
From all that cheered his eye and heart.
High born he was, and wealth untold
As 'twere in waves around him rolled;
Parental love so bounteous gave
Whate'er of joy the soul can crave,
And he, all artless and unstained,
Gave back in worth the love he gained.

V.

Ah, sad to leave such blest abode,
To travel life's uncertain road;
In far unfriendly lands to learn,
What sore reward his toils would earn.
Yet haply pain might prove a prize;
For perils oft instruct the wise:
As some brave bark when skies are clear
Forth launching on her gay career,

THE STAR OF

Drinks the sweet breeze with eager sail,
Still glorying in the freshening gale;
When night and tempests o'er the wave,
With terrors try the strong and brave,
On the wild surges rudely tost,
Till anchor, spar, and pinnace lost,
The proudest and the basest there,
Are fain to bend the knee of prayer;
To find what Heaven designed to prove,
That man must bow,—that God is love!

VI.

How beauteous that delightsome day,
The wanderer, as he passed away,
Robed as beseemed his regal mien;
But chief upon his bosom seen,
Pouring its splendors near and far,
As 'twere a radiant MORNING STAR,
A purer and a brighter gem,
Than ever graced a diadem.

THE PALISADES.

VII.

O matchless jewel, wondrous light,
Bestowed to guide his steps aright,
With more and more resplendent ray,
Along his journey's rugged way;
Would he but shun with jealous care,
Whate'er its lustre might impair,
This task fulfilled with faithful heed,
No evil should his steps impede,
But safely, all his perils past,
He should regain his home at last.
Its beam obscured, no more his view
Were clear between the false and true;
No guard nor guide, while hour by hour
Might foes beset or tempests lour;
Or to his home would he repair,
Alas! no re-admission there!

VIII.

First hither the adventurer came;
Here, first, on earth, the heavenly flame,
The mystic glances of his eye,
Marked him a truant from the sky!

THE STAR OF

IX.

Full well these rocks his footsteps knew,
Ere war the blast of battle blew;
Or patriots piled yon ancient mound,
And these rude ruins thus around.
But his was then no warrior's part,
LOVE ruled alone his guileless heart;
And childhood's innocence made sure,
His jewel still all bright and pure.

X.

How strange to his untutored ear,
As oft the camp he wandered near,
The whistling ball, the groan, the shout,
The roar from yonder old redoubt,
The stern command, the tramping feet,
Swift hastening the foe to meet,
When hilt to hilt, and gun to gun,
Dread deeds of blood and death were done.
How heaved his breast with many sighs,
How gushed the anguish from his eyes,
When thus in this lone nook of earth
He learned what LIBERTY is worth!

THE PALISADES.

XI.

So passed his days of sojourn here,
Till lured to pleasure's gay career,
Where the voluptuous city calls
The youthful to her festive halls.

XII.

Alas the day, when craves the soul,
To quaff delight from folly's bowl !
What sorrows lurk in joys so brief,
Remorse, and unavailing grief !
Alas that youthful Rupert found
His foot upon enchanted ground.
Bright shone his jewel when he came,
But soon decreased its glowing flame.
Still lessening, each luxurious hour,
As still the revel and the bower
With rapturous and oblivious spell
Entranced his senses, till—he fell !

THE STAR OF

XIII.

As shoots a star across the sky,
A charm and wonder to the eye,
Then, sudden, 'mid its radiant flight,
Sinks in the gloom of utter night—
Or, like the beaming love and truth,
When woman plights her heart and youth,
By falsehood's cruel arts betrayed,
Quenched in the depths of sorrow's shade,
Upon her cheek, and worshipped name,
The darksome blot of sin and shame—
So on his gem a cloud, a stain,
Its ray might never pierce again!

XIV.

O Innocence, the fairest rose
That still in childhood's Eden blows—
How sweet its bloom, but ah, its stay
Diminished to how brief a day!

XV.

His paradise all withered now;
A serpent twined on every bough;
On every drooping leaf a tear,
Sad voices whispering doubt and fear,

THE PALISADES.

His way all intricate and dark,
Nor friend, nor guide; nor jewel-spark,
To show aright the doubtful way,
Forth rushed lone Rupert, far astray.
Came then fair phantoms calling near—
Come hither, youth, thy hope is—here!
Here shall the lustre, so deplored,
Be to thy longing sight restored.

XVI.

Then open many a portal flew
Where glorious vistas sprang to view,
So brilliant all, the wavering eye,
Were fain each tempting path to try.—

XVII.

Grave Erudition, beckoning near,
Persuaded first his eager ear;
Showed the delights of all her lore,
Would he her mysteries explore.
Then called Ambition, :—Traveler, lo,
This the true way where thou shouldst go!
From these wide avenues thy name
Shall fill the mighty trump fame.

THE STAR OF

Then Affluence, at her gates of gold—
 Impoverished wanderer, behold
The happy path from care and fear.
 Forget thy jewel—enter here!
Then Power, and Friendship, Love, and Ease,
 Assiduous, strove to win and please.

XVIII.

Each voice he heard, each path pursued,
 His toil still fruitless, still renewed,
As sped the weary seasons o'er,
 Till Folly could beguile no more!
"Twas all deceit! Nor show, nor change,
 Nor travel through a world-wide range,
His heart from anguish could release,
 And give a troubled spirit peace!
All learning, art and wealth were vain,
 They could not cleanse that fatal stain.
Oft to his gaze the gem he drew,—
 But ah, 'twas still of inky hue!

XIX.

It was the holy day of rest,
 The wanderer's footsteps hither passed;

THE PALISADER.

Despair o'er-clouding all his sky,
He sought these rocks again—to die;
And came, where, from a House of prayer,
Soft notes of worship climbed the air,—
Then to the portal drawing near,
Fell this sweet psalm upon his ear:—

I.

“O Thou to whose all-searching sight
“The darkness shineth as the light,
“Search, prove my heart, it looks to Thee;
“O burst its bonds, and set it free.

II.

“While rising floods my soul o'erflow,
“While sinks my heart in waves of woe,
“As in this darksome wild I stray,
“Be Thou my light, be Thou my way!”

XX.

He knelt, with deep contrition's sigh;
And from the fountain of his eye,
Repentant pearls came brimming o'er,
As ne'er had glittered there before;

THE STAR OF

And trembled on his lip a prayer—
Thy Prodigal, O Father spare!
Redeemer! Day-Star! Hope Divine!
Thy glorious beam once more be mine!—
Some pitying Angel, as he cried,
Stood, instant at the weeper's side,
Upon the jewel dropped a tear,
And lo, its ray again was clear!
Swift sped his midnight gloom away,
And all was joy, and life, and day.

XXI.

Dear youth, that Wanderer behold,
Infirm and weary now, and old;
Yet thus with peace and hope renewed,
Dwelling in this wild solitude,
Serene to wait his Father's time,
To call him to that better clime,
Among the radiant hills above,
Where truth is life, and life is love.

THE PALISADES.

XXII.

Oft, now, the forms of yore to greet,
I seek this solitary seat,
Where visions true as sense can prove,
Move round me as they used to move.
Oh stranger, these rude ruins seem
The records of my first sweet dream ;
For here, still at my side, I see
My gentle, dark-eyed Lucy Lee ;
Sweet wild-rose of my youthful June ;
Fair lily, drooping, ah, so soon !—
How seemed the Palisades to thrill,
With her light footstep on the hill ;
And as we sat on this rude stone,
How have the blissful moments flown !
Loev gushing from her lustrous eye,
Pure as yon stream still rolling by.
How holy were the joys we knew,
As here our hearts together grew,
And on this rock we breathed the vow
Which makes it my soul's altar now.

THE STAR OF

XXIII.

Let these memorials, gentle youth,
Inspire thy soul with strength and truth.
Thy heart may well these cliffs revere,
For those stern patriots, once here,
Who braved, where'er their lot was cast,
The storm of war, or wintry blast
With weary feet, but mighty hand,
For Freedom, and a bleeding land!

XXIV.

On yon dark headland stood a form
That towered in many a sanguine storm;
Where'er the bloodiest strife was done,
Fell like a thunder-bolt, and won!
Great sire of heroes! Mighty shade!
Star of the gloomy Palisade!
Fame dips her pencil in the sun,
And writes a rainbow—WASHINGTON!

XXV.

Again might lingering memory tell
Of noble chiefs by yonder WELL,

THE PALISADES.

Quaffing its cool, delicious tide,
In the hot battle long denied.
Their deeds, unsung in minstrel lays,
Yet claim, O youth, thy grateful praise,
With those brave bands of Trenton's field,
Who made thy country's foemen yield;
And won the chaplet for her brow,
That marks thee for a freeman now.
But wouldest thou find life's best defence,
Guard well the JEWEL INNOCENCE.

ELEGY.

I.

THESE fell a bud from an angel's hand,
As he wandered down from the spirit land;
To a throbbing bosom it gently blew,
And lo, it put forth a deep root, and grew!

II.

It flourished there, in its glowing hues,
Like a flowret nursed by Elysian dews,
Till the little bud was a thing to vie
With the radiant tints of the morning sky.

III.

"T was pleasant to see the bud unfold,
As the sunmer days of its life were told;
For it seemed as fair to the ravished eye
As though it were still in its bower on high.

IV.

The angel passed on his homeward way,
And saw where his roseate beauty lay;
He paused on his wing, and reached down his hand,
And bore the sweet flower to its native land.

LIND.

The name of Jenny Lind is associated with the financial statistics of nearly every benevolent institution in this country. By common consent, therefore, she is poetically spoken of as a mortal sister of the angel of Mercy.

I.

"Tis said, sweet Mercy from above
Came down to teach us how to love,
And long she strove, with mystic skill,
Her holy mission to fulfil;
Her angel-pinions knew no rest,
For wafting her to every breast:
No cottage home, nor palace fair,
Nor crowded mart, but she was there.
Yet street and lane, and park and green,
She haunted still, though all unseen,
Still whispering low to every ear—
O help to wipe away a tear."

LIND.

Some mourner's blessing to secure,
Go soothe the sad, supply the poor!
Nor vain her prayer; for tear and sigh
She drew from many a passer-by:
Made each reluctant purse to feel
The magic of her sweet appeal,
Till every child of sorrow there
Could tell her wing was in the air.

II.

Yet could not still her gentle sway,
Compel the sordid to obey;
The streams of love to amply pour,
Till duty could demand no more.
How strove she with her heavenly art
To touch the spring of every heart,
And open every portal wide
For sympathy's outflowing tide.
But ah! the generous hearts were few,
That helped her hallowed task to do.
Her piteous tale the more she told,
Remoter seemed the hoards of gold;

LIND.

Nor prayer nor tear, nor Christian name,
Constrained to cancel Mercy's claim.
In grief, as saith the further tale,
That love on earth could not prevail,
Her radiant wings she heavenward spread,
Breathed a despairing sigh, and sped.

III.

Long, the celestial hills among,
In pensive melodies had sung
The sister angels, many a lay
Of her, the fairest, far away;
Yet mingling oft a joyous strain
For earth, by her made glad again:
Man only coveting to know
Where he a blessing might bestow;
Each rivalling other but to prove
Heroic most in deeds of love.
None now to grasp with selfish might
The widow's and the orphan's right;
None to withhold the hireling's meed,
And stint him in his hour of need;

IV.

None, for the toil of woman fair,
 By day's long sun, and taper's glare,
 With breaking heart and weary eye,
 To grant her only—leave to die;
 Imploring penury no more
 Unkindly spurned from every door;
 But all fraternal, as above,
 Since Mercy taught the law of love.
 So mused the angel bands, when lo!
 Came soaring mournfully and slow,
 Bright in the awful depths afar,
 As 't were a lonely, wandering star!

V.

Was silent each seraphic lyre;
 Seemed not a bosom to respire;
 Intent to mark that wonder's flight,
 Up-speeding to the world of light.
 But rapture filled all hearts anew,
 As nearer still the vision drew,
 And each discerning, eager eye,
 Could Mercy's matchless form descry;

LIV.

VI.

A mighty shout shook heaven's dome;
Hail, weary sister!—welcome home!
Alas, that mortal wrong should rise,
To sadden e'en the sinless skies:
Safe came the voyager at last,
Yet instant shadows wide o'ercast
The sunny landscapes where the blest
Were wont to find serenest rest.
A tear in heaven! oh, precious gem,
World, for thy fallen diadem,
Couldst thou the regal emblem wear,
And let the jewel glitter there—
The pearl from Mercy's eye that fell,
And told the grief she could not tell.

VII.

Electric love! One stroke of wo,
And furthest heaven felt the blow!
All heedless er of rank or birth,
Archangel, and the babe of earth,

LIND.

Forth from their haunts by hill and dell,
Swift to a countless throng they swell,
Each some immortal balm to pour,
To bid one bosom sigh no more.

VIII.

August in conclave. The high quest,
Shall Mercy more be mortal's guest;
Or, doth it seem to heavenly ken
How she may move the hearts of men?
Then beautiful, from her repose,
The missionary angel rose,
Soft accents, too divinely sweet
For bard of earth e'er to repeat,
Raining around in fragrant showers,
As budding trees their ripened flowers.

IX.

Ah, leave not yon apostate race,
To mourn the forfeit of your grace;
But me with one new power inspire;
Then pausing, touched her golden lyre
And far the listening ranks along,
Poured a full tide of rapturous song,

LIND.

Till heaven's remotest valleys rang
With the sweet song that Mercy sang ;
That power which thus but angels know,
Grant me on mortals to bestow,
And down again to cleave my way
To win them by the mighty sway,
Of love and melody combined,
The heaven of brotherhood to find.

X.

She ceased. And swift approval ran,
Let Mercy strive again with man,
And lend the strains she warbles here,
To melt the heart and start the tear,
Till rivers of relief shall flow,
For every child of want and wo.
Then joyful sprang the glorious maid
Aloft, in robes of light arrayed ;
Her starry banner wide unfurled,
And sped again to bless the world.

XI.

As icy winter yields to spring,
When southern winds are on the wing ;
Or, as in summer's fond embrace
Warm blushes tint fair nature's face ;

LIND.

So nations felt the glow of love,
And pure emotions from above,
As from the happy realms on high
Descending Mercy hovered nigh,
Inclining potently the soul
To fervent charity's control;
And shed her holy influence o'er
The myriad hearts so hard before.

XII.

She trode again the terrene sphere,
Dispensing solace far and near;
Imparting oft the gifts of song,
In meet degrees, her course along;
Till softly on an humble child,
She laid her gentle hand and smiled,
And said—Receive, fair sister mine,
The right of Melody divine!
Be thine, with peerless seraph-voice,
To make the sorrowing earth rejoice;
Thy chiefest mission still to be,
A glorious Almoner for me!

LIND.

XIII.

Then hand in hand they twain advanced,
And earth, and air, and sea entranced!
A mortal, and immortal, pair;
All viewless one, and one all fair;
And this the greeting as they glide
On their blest errand side by side,—
Sweet LIND, thy angel life be long,
To bless the earth with Mercy's song!

MARRIAGE.

SAILING o'er the rippling tide,
Of a mighty, mystic sea,
Two bright spray-drops, side by side,
Sprang from out the foam to me.
Forth my ready hand I threw,
Linked in ONE the joyous Two.

Dear to me that blended pair,
As they lingered in my palm;
And I prayed for them a prayer—
Skies be clear and seas be calm;
If they sink, or if they soar,
Be united evermore!

Spake a spirit from above,
Life! if heavenward they flee!
Spake the sea, (the Sea of Love,)
Bliss, if they abide in me!
Sang the sky, the sea, the shore,
Be united evermore!

BOEMUS.

The action of Brooklyn Heights, Long Island, occurred August 26th, 1776. The Americans being entrenched on Boemus Hill, were surprised at midnight by an overwhelming force of the enemy; and lost three thousand men.

I.

BOEMUS! of mournful fame!
How calm thy summit now,
Where battle stamped thy name
In havoc, gore, and flame!
How sad and lonely thou,
Dread steep of bloody brow!

II.

In midnight's deep repose
Loud rang the sentry's call,
"Up, freemen! front your foes!"
The startled ranks arose,
One oath the pledge of all,
"We conquer, or we fall!"

BOEMIA.

III.

O'er all the silent sky
A dark and scowling frown ;
But darker scowled each eye
When all resolved to die !

When, night of dread renown,
Three thousand stars went down !

IV.

Up from your sleep ye, dead !
Who in the conflict fell,
And blood in torrents shed,
Till this old hill ran red,
If chronicle saith well,
Up from your sleep, and tell !

V.

Around this hoary height,
Your legions I evoke !
Shades of that bloody fight,
Come in your ancient might,
In thunder, flash, and smoke,
Heroic Hearts of Oak !

VI.

Beyond this old redoubt,
Some desecrating hand

BOEMIA.

Hath ploughed your footsteps out;
But yet I hear your shout—
“Stand, comrades! firmly stand
Die for our native land!”

VII.

There STERLING to the fray,
And SULLIVAN rush by!
On to the charge! away!
‘T is now Death’s harvest day!
The Briton presses nigh;
On to the charge!—and die!

VIII.

Ah! vain the valor there!—
Sweeps down the broad hill-side
A foe that doth not spare
Nor youth, nor hoary hair;
Wild ruin spreading wide,
Down pours the living tide!

IX.

Now hilt to hilt the strife!
Burns high the deadly ire!
How reeks the thirsty knife,
Where spouts the ruddy life!

BOEMUS.

While brother son and sire,
In fell embrace expire !

X.

O sad, soul-sickening hour !
Weep, Island ! for the wo
That purchased Freedom's dower !
O bloody hand of Power !
A nation's tears still flow
For that relentless blow !

XI.

The victory is won ;
No guards their vigils hold ;
The chivalry is done ;
Lies hushed the rusting gun,
Where bellowing it rolled,
That fearful day of old.

XII.

BOEMUS ! of mournful fame !
How calm thy summit now,
Where battle stamped thy name
In havoc, gore and flame !
How sad and lonely thou,
Dread Steep, of bloody brow !

IF I WERE YOU.

I.

As you and I are going
Along this quiet page,
Man, matron, boy, and maiden,
Care, hope, or love y' laden,
Take counsel from a sage.
No star so dimly glowing,
But mariners should view;
Ah! heed the star of reason,
And take the helm in season,
O, life's unskilful crew—
I would if I were you.

IF I WERE YOU.

II.

My dear desponding brother,
O'erwearied with the cares
The fleeting years have left thee,
While they of hope bereft thee,
And led thee into snares,—
Take counsel from another,
Who thus was weary too,
Yet found the paths of pleasure,
Rest, truth, and real treasure;
O, brother, these pursue—
I would if I were you!

III.

O, Woman! ray of morning,
Man's midnight to dispel,
Katrina, Nelly, Nora,
Still be his heart's Aurora,
In courtly hall or cell.
Still let your chief adorning
Be those sweet smiles he knew,
When in love's pure devotion,
With youth's first fond emotion,
All heavenly graces grew—
I would if I were you!



IF I WERE YOU.

IV.

Sweet Girlhood! morn of being;
Fair pearl on life's lone shore;
Bright gem on beauty's pillow,
But, O, with time's next billow,
 To sparkle there no more—
O, maiden morn is fleeing!
 High noon will soon ensue
 Make now thy youth enduring:
 Immortal life securing,
 Decay and death subdue;
 I would if I were you.

V.

O, Son! whose youthful feeling
 Delights in nature's bloom;
Whose heart secure reposes,
Where valleys decked with roses,
 Send up their sweet perfume,
To heaven still appealing,
 With noble aims in view,
Flee all alluring bowers,
Defy opposing powers,
 And press your purpose through—
 I would if I were you.

IF I WERE YOU.

VI.

There cometh, son, a trial;
There cometh, son, a night;
A storm will round thee rattle—
Ay, life is all a battle,
And bravely thou must fight.
Begin thy self-denial;
Begin to dare and do:
Up, boy, to write thy story,
In lines of Christian glory,
Bold, beautiful and true;
I would, if I were you.

THE WHITE DRAGON.

I.

Way for a dragon! a dragon bright,
All snowy white;
Far in the North he is just in sight!
Fierce is his cry,
Icicle teeth, and a hail-stone eye:
How the White Dragon will make all fly!

II.

Flower and verdure he comes to kill;
And ah, he will!
Orchard and garden and field and hill,
The lawn, the glade,
Forest and bower and bush must fade.
All at his terrible frown afraid!

III.

Over the ocean he sweeps his tail,
Death in the gale!
Splintered the spar, and in rags the sail!

THE WHITE DRAGON.

Sailor, no more
Hope for thy home, with thy perils o'er:
Rageth the dragon by sea and shore!

IV.

Way for a dragon with stealthy tread,
A dragon dread!
Beautiful back, but his jaws are red,
And sharp and sure!
Who can his ravenous rage endure?
How the White Dragon will smite the poor

V.

Over the mountain and through the glen,
Hunting for men;
Driving them down to his dreadful den!
Despair, despair!
Mothers and babes in the frosty air:
How he will feast when he gets them there!

VI.

Village and city, his strength will feel,
Hopeless appeal,
Half of a town for a single meal!
Over the ground
Center and circle he coils around,
All in his horrid embraces bound!

THE WHITE DRAGON.

VII.

Every dwelling of low degree

Certain to see,

Where'er the wretched are, there is he!

Horror! behold!

Quivering, shivering, young and old,

Perishing all in his clutches cold!

VIII.

Widow, your needle he will disdain:

All is in vain,

Working or weeping, you must be slain!

Listen his roar;

Soon he'll break down your defenceless door,

Slay all your orphans and howl for more!

IX.

Laborer, high on the scaffold frail,

Cannot avail!

Down with the mortar, the hod, the pail;

Haste to your cell,

Face the dread dragon you would repel,

Die with the group you have loved so well!

THE WHITE DRAGON.

X.

Feeble old man, with the wood to saw,
Rainy and raw;
Peril at every sigh you draw!
Vain is the strife,
Take the last loaf to your poor old wife,
Strike the last stroke, and away for life!

XI.

Beggar, begone from the palace gate;
Wo if you wait!
Certain to meet with a dreadful fate!
Never ask there—
Have you a bone or a crust to spare?
What does the lord of a castle care!

XII.

Garret or cellar, or dingy street,
None may retreat!
Want and the dragon are sure to meet:
Alas, too sure!
Who can his ravenous rage endure?
How the WHITE DRAGON will smite the poor!

STRIKE.

Written during a general demand or "Strike" for higher wages in
New York.

I'VE a liking for this "striking,"
If we only do it well;
Firm, defiant, like a giant,
Strike!—and make the effort tell!

One another, working brother,
Let us freely now advise;
For reflection and correction
Help to make us great and wise.

Work and wages, say the sages,
Go forever hand in hand;
As the motion of an ocean,
The supply and the demand.

My advice is strike for prices
Nobler far than sordid coin;
Strike with terror, sin and error,
And let man and master join.

STRIKE.

Every failing now prevailing
In the heart or in the head—
Make no clamor—take the hammer—
Drive it down, and strike it dead !
Much the chopping, lopping, propping,
Carpenter, we have to do,
Ere the plummet, from the summit,
Mark our moral fabric true.
Take the measure of false pleasure;
Try each action by the square;
Strike a chalk-line, for your walk line;
Strike to keep your footsteps there !
The foundation of creation
Lies in truth's unerring laws:
Man of mortar, there's no shorter
Way to base a righteous cause.
Every builder painter, gilder,
Man of leather, man of clothes,
Each mechanic in a panic
With the way his labor goes.
Let him reason thus in season;
Strike the root of all his wrong,
Cease his quarrels, mend his morals,
So be happy, rich, and strong.

THE SMOKING CAP.

DEAR T., herewith to you I send
A smoking-cap, yet recommend,
With all the powers I can evoke,
You'll wear the cap—without the smoke.
For what excuse can any plead,
To take a vile unwholesome weed,
From pestilential regions South,
And place it in the human mouth!
To be, oh, burning shame and sin,
A firebrand 'twixt the nose and chin!
How sad the harvest he must reap,
If, for the fruits of wisdom deep,
From fields of knowledge rare and ripe,
He glean a mere—tobacco-pipe!
Such cultivation, cost and care,
To find at last but ashes there!

THE SMOKING CAP.

At learning's hearth, demented elf,
Making a chimney of himself !
Let Chimborazo, age on age,
Vesuvius and Etna rage,
And roll their awful clouds on high,
Obscuring all the radiant sky ;
But man—oh say not that he seeks
To imitate those smouldering peaks ;
To make like theirs, bleak, barren, brown,
A sooty crater of his crown.
To show its hot and hollow state,
Make—a volcano of his pate !
No, ever let him strive to be
From all such fume and fury free :
Rise, like Olympian Jove, above
The things that mortals fear or love,
Disdaining the low joys of earth,
Mere idle smoke, and nothing worth,
Serene, august, among the stars,
Spurn the vile meerschaum and segars,
And be, as each one should, and can,
A self-denying Christian man.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

I.

CAN flowers that round its margin grow,
Or winds that o'er its surface sweep,
Say to a pool imprisoned—flow!
The dead heart of the waters—leap?
So neither hath all earth a voice,
Can bid an unloved heart rejoice!

II.

Yet comes the sun with quickening ray,
And whispers, tenderly, awake!
And lo, on rainbow wings, away,
Sends up its vapor-soul the lake;
Beyond the frowning mountains, free,
Again to mingle with the sea.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

III.

O heart, that like the dancing rill,
Along the vale of life hast run,
The phantom Hope pursuing still,
But now all desolate—undone!
Look up! Though earth its love deny,
There comes a sunbeam from the sky,

VI.

Awake, O heart, thy pinions spread;
Soar, soar, and soon thy fondest aim,
To sweet fulfilment shall be led,
In love's intensest, purest flame;
Alone and sick, yet cannot die,—
Poor heart, one effort more and fly!

V.

Fly to that far off home for rest,
Thy mother's home, yon radiant sphere;
Fly, heart, to that dear faithful breast,
That soothed thy infant sorrows here:
A mother's love, a mother's prayer,
Celestial wings, O waft me there!

SANTA CLAUS.

PART L



CANTO I.

Concerning Santaclaus—His astonishing Castle—His beautiful Gifts
for all good Children—And his real Name.

SANTA CLAUS.



BEYOND the ocean many a mile,
And many a year ago,
There lived a wonderful queer old man
In a wonderful house of snow ;
And every little boy and girl,
As Christmas times arrive,
No doubt will be very glad to hear,
The old man is still alive.

SANTACLAUS.

In his house upon the top of a hill,
And almost out of sight,
He keeps a great many elves at work,
All working with all their might,
To make a million of pretty things,
Cakes, sugar-plums, and toys,



To fill the stockings, hung up, you know,
By the little girls and boys.
It would be a capital treat besure,
A glimpse of his wondrous shop ;
But the queer old man when a stranger comes,
Orders every elf to stop ;
And the house, and work, and workmen all
Instantly take a twist,

SANTACLAUS.

And just as you may think you are there,
They are off in a frosty mist.



But upon a time a cunning boy
Saw this sign upon the gate,
Nobody can ever enter here
Who lies a-bed too late :

SANTACLAUS.

Let all who expect a good stocking full,
Not spend too much time in play;
Keep book and work all the while in mind,
And be up by the peep of day.



A holiday morning would scarce suffice
To tell what was making there;
Wagons and dolls, whistles and birds,
And elephants most rare:
Wild monkeys drest like little men,
And dogs that could almost bark,
Watchcs, that, if they only had wheels,
Might beat the old clock in the Park

SANTACLAVUS.

Whole armies of little soldier folk,
Marching in grand review,
And turning up their eyes at the girls,
As the City soldiers do.
Engines, fast hurrying to a fire,
And many a little fool
A-trudging after them through the streets
Instead of going to school.

II.

Tin fiddles, and trumpets made of wood,
That will play as good a tune
As a Scotch bag-piper could perform
From Christmas-day till June.
Horses, with riders upon their backs,
Coaches, and carts and gigs,
Each trying its best to win the race,
Like the Democrats and Whigs.
Tiny houses, in every style,
Put up in a fancy chest,
To build in a minute a thriving town,
If you choose to move out West.

SANTA CLAUS.

With churches and windmills, inns and shops,
And school-houses all in a row,
And elegant shade-trees dipt in green,
Where good girls may sit and sew.



Some little fellows turning a crank,
And others beating a drum:
Little pianos, so exact
You could almost hear them thrum.
Tea-sets and tables quite complete,
With ladies sitting around,

SANTACL A U S.

Chatting as older ladies do,
But a little more profound.
Steamboats made to sail in a tub,
And fishing-smacks ahoy,
And boats and skiffs with oars and sails,
A fleet for a sailor boy.



Ships of the line equipt for sea,
With officers and crew,
Each with a red cap on his head,
And a jacket painted blue.
Bold pewter men with pistols armed,
Like duellists so smart,
Each most wickedly taking aim
At his little comrade's heart !

SANTACLAUS.

And nimble Jacks with supple joints,

That when you pull a string,

Will give an easy lesson how

To dance the Pigeon Wing.

Ugly old women in a box,

As some younger ones ought to be,

Which, when the cover is lifted off,

Fly out most spitefully.



Ripe wooden pears like real fruit,

Somehow made to unscrew;

Kittens with mice sewed to their mouths,

And tabby cats crying mew.

Gay humming-tops that spin about,

And make a senseless sound,

Like windy representatives

In Congress often found.

SANTACLAUS.

Fine marbles, and rich China-men,

That you can play from taw,

As lawyers play rich clients down

The ring-pits of the law.

Bright caskets filled with jewelry,

Chains, bracelets, pins, and pearls,

All glittering with tinsel, like

Some fashionable girls.



Delightful little picture books,

And tales of Mother Goose,

More witty than most novels are,

And twenty times their use.

But it were an endless task to tell,

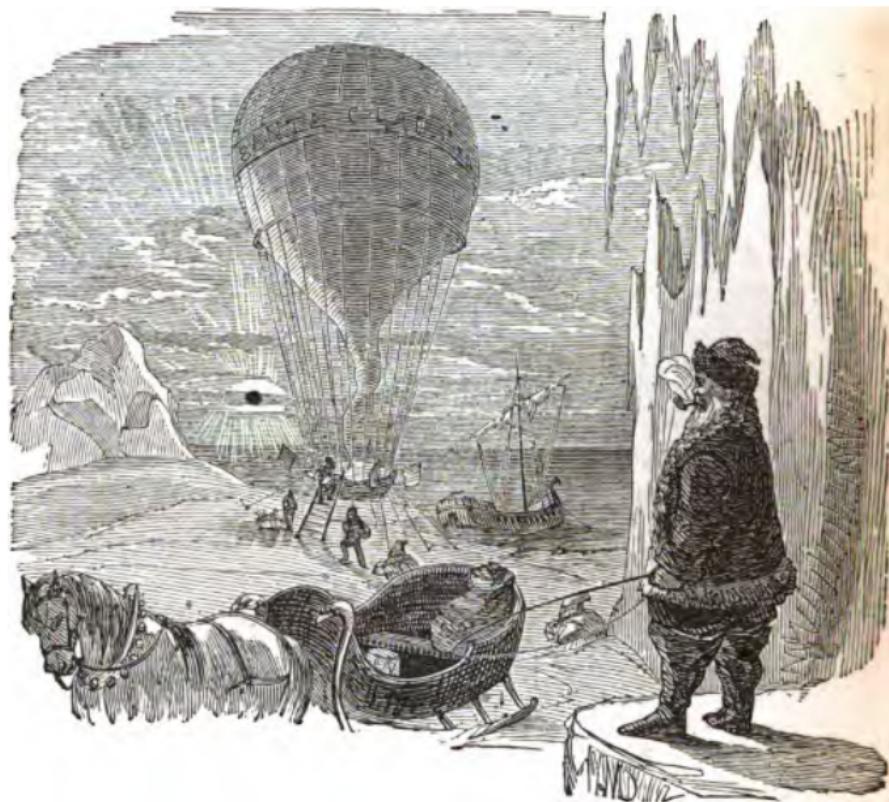
The length that the list extends,

SANTACLAUS.

Of the curious gifts the queer old man
Prepares for his Christmas friends.
Belike you are guessing who he is,
And the country whence he came—
Why, he was born in Germany,
And St. NICHOLAS is his name.

SANTA CLAUS.
PART II

SANTACLAUS.



CANTO II.

How St. Nicholas got all his packages ready, in order to start at sundown on his long Journey.—How he went to Amsterdam, Paris, Dublin, London, and St. Petersburg.



CANTO II.

DECEMBER's four and twentieth day
Through its course was almost run,
St. Nicholas stood at his castle door
Awaiting the setting sun.
His goods were packed in a great balloon,
Near by were his horse and sleigh ;
He had his skates upon his feet
And a ship getting under weigh.

SANTACLAUS.

For he was to travel by sea and land,
And sometimes through the air,
And then to skim on the rivers smooth,
When the ice his weight would bear.
The wind blew keen, and the snow fell fast,
But not a whit cared he ;
For he knew a myriad little hearts,
Were longing that night to see.

II.

Away he flew to Amsterdam,
As soon as the sun went down,
And left whole bushels of playthings there,
For every child in town.
Then he tried his skates on the Zuyder Zee,
Southwest to Dover's Strait,
Then, Southward, with his horse and sleigh,
He was soon at Paris' gate.

III.

He scaled the walls of the Tuileries,
The children were all retired,
And every stocking was hanging up,
As St. Nicholas desired.

SANTA CLAUS.

In one he put a sceptre and crown,
In another a guillotine,
And a little man without a head,
Who King of the French had been.

IV.

Now all should know that Santaclaus
Was never a cruel man,



And he travels about reproving sin
In every way he can.
He thinks the people ought not to kill
Unfortunate kings and queens,
But give them a little good advice,
To live by some better means.

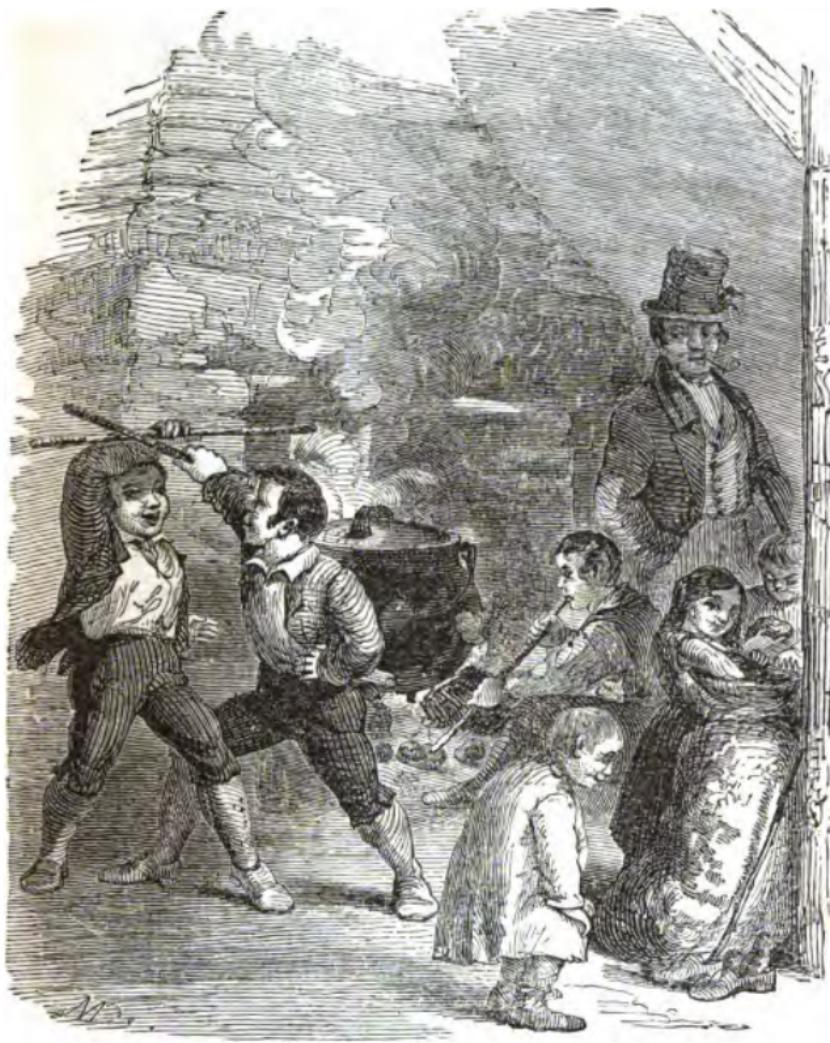
SANTA CLAUS.

He visited beautiful St. Cloud,
And all the castles around,
Yet he did not pass the humblest house
Where any good child was found.
And he left in all the stockings he saw
Such tokens of his good will,
As would take a larger bag or book,
Than I should have time to fill.

V.

He tarried awhile at Notre Dame,
To see the Christmas shows;
Then with his grand Montgolfier
Majestically rose,
And from his splendid parachute,
A shower of bonbons threw,
For all the little ones in France,
And bade them all adieu.
Then down he drove on the River Seine,
And on the Biscay bay
Took ship for famous Dublin town,
And London on his way.

SANTA CLAUS.



VI.

In Dublin what do you think he left,
For the hearty Irish boys?
Why, bags of potatoes instead of cakes,
And shillalahs instead of toys.

SANTACL A U S.

VII.

In London he gave them rounds of beef,
And two plum-puddings a-piece,
Then stepped to Windsor palace of course,
To see his royal niece.

He gave her a little Parliament,
Discussing a knotty bill,
And two or three nuts for them to crack,
And a birch to keep them still.

VIII.

And now, said he, for St. Petersburgh!
Over the cold North Sea,
And up the Baltic he sped in haste,
And was there when the clock struck three.
He hied to the Palace of the Czar,
And clambered in at the dome;
A great many stockings were hung around,
But the folks were not at home.

IX.

He gave them little Siberian mines,
With little men in chains,
Who strove to avenge their country's wrongs,
And were sent there for their pains.

SANTACLAUS.

He left the Emperor a map,
With Russia cut in four,
As much as to say, great Muscovite.
Your sway may soon be o'er.

X.

Then down he hastened for Italy,
To call at the Vatican,
Forgetting, until he had arrived,
The Pope is a bachelor man.
But he looked in at St. Peter's church,
And saw the whole town at prayer,
So he left a basket full at the door,
For all the good children there.

XI.

Upon the Mediterranean Sea,
He boarded his ship again,
And hoisted sail, and steered west,
To see the Queen of Spain,
And give her a legion of wooden men,
Equipt from foot to nose,
And a troop of leaden horsemen too,
The rebels to oppose.

S A N T A C L A U S.

XII.

Through all the streets of Madrid town,
And over every square,
And all the villages about,
He sped with kindest care ;
And all the little Spanish folk
Of every degree,
Got something from his ample store
Most beautiful to see.

XIII.

For he remembered times of old
When Ferdinand the brave,
And Isabella, his good Queen,
To great Columbus gave
A little fleet to sail the sea,
And seek an unknown shore,
When Santaclaus himself was young,
Some centuries before.

S A N T A C L A U S.
P A R T I I I.



CANTO III.

St. Nicholas hurries away from Spain and sets sail for America.

CANTO III.

I.

O'ER the Cantabrian mountains wild,
He hurried to the strand,
To meet his treasure-laden ship,
There waiting his command.
He scattered beautiful gifts around,
As he went flying past,
Then put his trumpet to his lips,
And blew a rousing blast.

II.

Up, up my gallant sailors all,
Swiftly your anchor weigh,
The wind is fair, and we must sail
For far America.
By wind and steam for New Amsterdam,
Three thousand miles an hour,
Onward he drove his elfin ship,
With a thousand-fairy power.

SANTACLAUS.

III.

Down at the Battery he moored,
And gave a grand salute,
With cannon charged with sugar-plums,
And powder made to suit.
Then he hoisted out a score of bales,
Of his cakes, and nuts, and wares;
You would have been amazed to see
The heaps on the ferry stairs.

IV.

All's weil, all's well! loud voices cried;
St. Nicholas is here!
How charming many a stocking full
In the morning will appear.
Now all good little boys and girls
Shall have a noble treat,
Delightful presents, that will make
The holidays complete.

V.

Upon the spire of old St. Paul's
The watchman saw him stand,
Reading his list of ancient friends,
With his leather bags in hand.

SANTACLAUS.

"Tis said he dropt a frozen tear,
As he looked on the streets below,
And saw what a mighty change has come
Since Christmas times ago!



VI.

Those brave old times when great mince pies
Were piled on every shelf,
And every Knickerbocker boy
Might go and help himself.
When Broadway was a path for cows,
And all the streets were lanes,

SANTACLUS.



SANTACLAUS.

And the houses were so snug and quaint,
With their bull's eye window-panes;
And low, old-fashioned door-ways, where,
The upper part swung in,



The Dut~~h~~man could his elbows lean,
And smoke his pipe and grin.

VII..

Then doughnuts were all good to eat,
And made as big as bricks,
And 'twas not thought unmannerly
To eat as many as six.

SANTA CLAUS.

VIII.

Good simple times, when lad and lass,
In happy groups were seen,
With sled and skate for winter sports,
Around the Bowling Green.
When maidens plied the spinning-wheel,
And idlers were unknown,
And all the up-town people lived
Below the one-mile stone.

IX.

When all were good, and went to church,
And heeded what they heard,
And children never learned to speak
A bad or saucy word.
With plenty smiling every where,
Like Christmas every day,
Content and love at every hearth,
O what rare times were they !

X.

But long before all this was said,
The stockings were all filled,
And Santaclaus was skating home,
With his nose a little chilled.

SANTACL A U S.



He whistled as he skimmed along,
Till the day began to dawn,
Then giving a twirl in the frosty air
St. Nicholas was gone!

Notes

The tale of Santaclaus was written with a view to impress the minds of children with good sentiments in an entertaining way, and enhance their enjoyments during the festivities of the Holiday season; also to revive a harmless superstition which all regard as a pleasant reminiscence of early days.

THE PAST.

A NEW-YEAR REVERIE.

I.

HARK! how it thunders down the lapse of Years!
The Past! the Past!

A World's anticipation disappears!
How false—how fast!

Bright visions vanished! Pleasures steeped in tears!
Hope's sky o'ercast!

A requiem tempest through all space careers,
August and vast.

Far o'er Eternity's dark flood it steers;
And God again winds up the mighty spheres!

II.

Now Time, great chronicler of human things,
Doth wide unrol
His tale of Nations—and a thousand kings—
Amazing scroll!

THE PAST.

Gives me a flight upon his rapid wings,
From pole to pole!

From this, where now the chime of midnight rings,
Portentous toll!

To the remotest past, whence boundless, springs
That sweeping surge the flood of Ages brings.

III.

Again Boreas, of the north afar,
Hath chained his coursers to his frosted car;
Again he sweeps o'er streamlet, hill, and dale,
Pouring an icy breath on every gale:
No more on mountain tops the flocks are seen,
Nor busy bee hums o'er the velvet green:
The summer songsters to the south are flown,
The snow-bird chirps on leafless boughs alone.
Dismantled forests mourn the wintry sway,
The gentle flowers wither and decay,
The fields in sterile cheerlessness are clad,
And e'en the sky looks lowering and sad.
'Tis o'er! another page of time is read,
Another arrow to its mark hath sped.
Like an enchanted billow on the sea,
A Year has vanished in eternity!

THE PAST.

IV.

Oh what can stay the hastening step of time?
Whate'er of earth may wear immortal prime?
Fate stamps the sable signet of decay,
And lo! all excellence must pass away.
Deep shadows settle on the proudest brow,
Each laid to-morrow where the dead are now.
Ye grave philosophers, ye thoughtful youth,
Religion's votaries and sons of truth,
The chaste, the gentle, and the soaring mind,
On this new leaf of life a lesson find.

V.

Teach not the heart to feed despairing thought;
The coming year shall be with blessings fraught.
Mourn not thy natal hour, for that the earth
Hath yielded thee its sighs without its mirth;
Nor yet presumptuous pine, because afar
Through memory's dim vista, not a star
Is seen to twinkle on the lonely way,
Lighting thy footsteps with a cheerful ray;
Because thy life, so far as it hath run,
Hath been a sky o'ercast, without a sun
To pierce the mantle of the pelting storm,
And shed a brightness on thy fading form.

THE PAST.

Oh, rise superior to the trying hour
When dearest friends were false, and foes had power
To filch thy substance, and to blast thy name,
And stamp dejection on thy wasted frame.
Henceforth let energy new-nerve the soul,
Till destiny shall feel thy strong control!
Why should the god-like mind, with strength and wing
To mount the summit of imagining;
To sound its depths, speed to its utmost bound,
And grasp sublimities, high, vast, profound;
Whirl with the comet in its far off flight,
And pierce with eagle eye the worlds of light;
Ride on the tempest in its wild career,
And chase to earth its flashing pioneer,
Sink to the caves of the unfathomed deep,
Where, huge and horrid, nameless monsters creep;
Or, wandering on, beneath the mighty flood,
Find where, aforetime, noble cities stood;
See, amid clusters of the coralline,
Gems of rare value, glowing diamonds shine;
Tread upon heaps of coined and massive gold;
And rocks, decked wantonly with wealth untold;
Why should a spirit, with such wealth of thought,
With a few transient cares be sold and bought!

THE PAST.

Why should we vainly cherish a regret
That fraud hath prospered with the snares it set;
That sages have been forced to stand aside,
And give the way to ignorance and pride?
Deem not all lost, though wrong hath ruled the past,
Hope, love, and truth shall overcome at last.

LEAP IN THE DARK.

DREAD hour of fate! The touchstone of all faith,
I now must grapple, and abide that test
Which, distant, I derided; but come near,
Is wondrous fearsome and discomforting.
My recreant philosophy hath turned the heel,
And left my soul unarmed and desolate.—
Soul, did I say?—ha! how the giddy brain
Is prone to muster up its old conceits,
And make me rave of things that never were.
There is a mystery within, I know,
That doth exalt this clod to man's estate,
And gives him empire over all things else:
But "Life eternal" is a crafty tale,
Which my dissolving nature now belies.
And what is death? yet sooth I hate that word,
It hath a meaning that doth fellowship

LEAP IN THE DARK.

With such unwelcome thought. To be pent up
In an unwindowed cell, and there forgot,
Go mouldering down to nothing. Through all time
My substance mingling with the churchyard dust.
I do abhor the doom, yet must not shrink,
And dastardly for vain existence strive :
Speed, speed your utmost now, ye dwindling sands;
Death—Grave—Eternity—I dare them all !

Hail, land of shadows!—ye dead myriads, hail !
Make room adown your chambers for a guest !
Right valorous I'll tread, but oh ! 'tis dark !
Would but some friendly spirit now, unask'd,
Flit hither with a light to guide me through !
I even would accept the Christian's hope,
Though all fallacious,—Hist ! I hear a step,—
Who comes?—Come on !—for I must speak it out,
Though all fallacious, it would be a staff
To stay me while the agony goes o'er.

Now horrid fancies thicken on my sense,
I hear that step again in close pursuit,
I see, or deem I see, the uncouth forms
Of fabled fiends stalk out—and there's a voice
Deep muttering from beneath ! prepare ! prepare !

LEAP IN THE DARK.

And from above there thunders in mine ear,
The hour—the hour is come! wide yawn thou depth,
Perdition's portal, take the unwash'd soul!
Now light unearthly opens to mine eye
A blazing brink; misshapen beings thence
Fly up, and screaming, skim the dusky air,
While pendant from on high, adown the gulf
Hangs the dire catalogue of all my guilt,
My summons now to everlasting death.

Beyond the cavern's nether verge remote,
Ten thousand midnights roll their mingled gloom
In sullen pomp along a starless sky;
I cannot flee; these palsied, tottering limbs
Can succor me no more; this faltering tongue
Can call no rescue,—life and time are o'er—
I touch the precipice—and leap the Dark!

APRIL

I.

THE reign of dark winter is o'er,
The snow-drift that mantled the plain
Is gone to some far, frozen shore,
And April is smiling again.
So, Susan, you banish my gloom,
The season of sadness and fear;
For earth is an Eden in bloom,
When you, my heart's April, are near,

II.

Along his blue pathway on high,
The sun gaily measures the day,
Then hastens from his plough in the sky,
To seek for his beautiful May:
So, Susan, I hie to the hill,
While morning is wet with the dew,
And labor contentedly still,
Because I am thinking of you.

A P R I L.

III.

The fields and the forests are green,
And fragrant the whispering breeze
That floats round the valley at e'en,
Through lilacs, and blossoming trees.
Yet, Susan, returning to rest,
When evening o'ershadows the dell,
That zephyr seems sweetest and best
That comes o'er the cot where you dwell.

IV.

Yon streamlet, that wintry winds chill,
Had sealed as they whistled along,
Now wanders adown to the mill,
With pensively murmuring song,
So, Susan, our love is a stream—
A tranquil and deepening tide,
A-glow with a mid-summer beam,
As fondly you sit by my side.

V.

The bee hath winged forth from her cell,
To sip at the dew-dripping flower;
The birds their soft melodies swell,

A P R I L.

And beckon their mates to the bower;
O'er all the gay landscape around,
Love, beauty, and goodness appear;
O pray, all ye Youth, to be found,
Like April, sweet Youth of the Year.

OLD ROVER.

I KNEW sweet Annie Taylor that lived above the mill,

She had a widowed mother,

And a little younger brother,

And they all loved one another,

In their cottage on the hill.

She was a pattern daughter, this Annie whom I knew;

Industrious and clever,

Yet meek and modest ever,

And disobedient—never!

Kind, generous, and true.

One day as she and Charley were going down to .

school,

They met another scholar,

Who had a golden dollar,

And a mastiff by the collar,

Near the margin of a pool.

OLD ROVER.

"Come," said the idle truant, "let's have a merry day;
We'll buy with all this money,
Fine playthings rare and funny,
And candies sweet as honey,
Come, let us off to play."

"No, no," said Annie Taylor, "our mother's just
command

Permits us no delaying:
We wish no toys nor playing;"
Then on she went, so saying,
With Charley by the hand.

Away the wicked school-boy to the river hurried
down,
And as he sauntered over,
Towards the town of Dover,
He tried to fling old Rover
Beyond the bridge—to drown!

But mark the woful hap that this truant came to know—
While he the stone was tying,
And poor old Rover was crying,
His foot slipped—he went flying
Down to the gulf below!

OLD RIVER.

Down went his money too, to the bottom, like a stone,
A proof that sinful pleasure,
Indulged in any measure,
Endangers life and treasure,
And—should be let alone!

Ah, how he cried for mercy as he was struggling
there,
His cruelty lamenting,
Of all his sins repenting,
Yet no kind hand preventing
His danger and despair.

His faithful dog, however, plunged quickly in the wave,
Regardless of the wetting,
All injuries forgetting—
As life's last sun was setting,
He drew him from the grave.

With bravery he bore him in safety to the shore,
And there, with sense returning,
With shame and sorrow burning,
This humbled boy was learning
To disobey no more.

OLD ROVER.

A sad and guilty conscience had Robert now to bear,

For he was told to carry
That coin to poor blind Harry,
And not to play nor tarry—

Ah, had he taken care!

Ah, what disgrace and danger before a truant lie!

What certain, stern correction,
And harrowing reflection!—
Poor Robert! in dejection

Well might he weep and sigh.

At noon, as his young school-mates were homeward
passing near,

They heard his mournful crying,
And ran where he was lying,
So nearly drowned or dying,
And quivering with fear.

Sweet Annie wiped his tears, as he bent upon his
knees,

And then they all went over,
Toward the town of Dover,
And there they live with Rover,

In innocence and ease.

FOURTH OF JULY.

I.

HARK, hark, from the hills and the valleys ascend
Loud anthems of triumph and glee,
The voices of millions in harmony blend—
We are free! we are free! we are free!
'T is the hour when the Genius of Freedom awoke,
And struck for her holiest right,
Tis the hour when the strength of the Lion we broke,
And the eagle went up in its might!

II.

By the shades of the heroes that fell in the strife!
By the fields where our fathers were slain!
While our bosoms shall heave with the pulses of life,
We will trample on tyranny's chain!
While there's nerve in an arm—while there's temper
in steel—
While a plank floats the limitless sea—
While the God of the patriot hears his appeal,
We are free, we are free, we are free!

THE DESERTED.

I.

DEAR Edwin! ah, to me how dear,
If tears could tell the cost!
Alas, they need to tell it here,
Since love and hope are lost.
Yet I, my aching heart to ease,
And all its truth reveal,
Would haply ask the wailing breeze
To hear my last appeal.

II.

"Tis night!—though e'en the day is night,
Beneath the darksome shade
That hides the last lone gleam of light,
When love is all betrayed,

THE DESERTED.

And o'er the spirit sad despair

Its cruel conquest gains.

But now, 'tis night along the air,

And o'er the dreary plains.

III.

I come to our dear seat to sigh,

And think how here you sang,

What love was sparkling in your eye,

And in that music rang!

And it was true, all true, I know;

But now, ah, vain regret,

The bower is but a cell of woe—

Since Edwin could forget!

IV.

Though flatterers give me beauty's throne,

And crowd to own my sway;

Amid them all, I feel alone,

For one is still away;

I oft have watched beside the door,

And oft above the hill,

But ah, he comes to me no more,

And few the hopes he will!

THE DESERTED.

V.

Yet there is One my grief that knows,
Beyond the starry skies;
And when my brimful heart o'erflows,
I raise my streaming eyes,
And in an instant he comes near,
And faithful with his love,
Still whispers, though forgotten here,
I have a Friend above.

TO ONE BEREAVED.

I.

IN a full heart, a fountain deep of feeling,
I dip my pen, and bid these numbers flow.
Yet fear, as sadly they along are stealing,
I shall too soon intrude upon thy woe.
For there's a dreariness in such a sorrow
"Twere impious to invade with friendship's dole;
It is a night that knows not of a morrow;
A weary waste, a winter of the soul.

II.

Full oft, to desolated earth returning,
The cheerly spring shall make it all re-bloom,
And many a summer sun shall bright be burning,
Ere time shall chase away thy bosom's gloom.
But I am weeping with thee, lonely weeper,
My spirit mingles in thy mournful wail,
Breathes a low dirge where lies thy little sleeper,
Tells its own anguish in thy newer tale.

CHANGE.

I

I saw grey History throw back the curtain
Of Empire's youth;
"How changing!" said the seer, no glory certain,
Save that of TRUTH!
See, how the mighty have gone down to night,
Since Time first spread his pinions for his flight!

II.

In my dread journey, I have seen the fountains
Of the great deep
Fiercely careering o'er earth's topmost mountains:
A mighty sweep
Of His displeasure, at whose potent will
A world rolls on, or universe stands still!

SIC TRANSIT.

III.

Assyria, Babylon, Nimrod and Belshazzar,
The record swell;
Persia and Grecia, Cyrus and Pelazzar,
Arose and fell;
Then Rome and Cæsar flitted o'er the page,
And on my dial wrote—the Brazen Age!

IV.

How fleet the Cycles of the orbs of heaven,
On Time's swift wing!
How oft the mystic number—seven! seven!
The centuries ring!
How fast to midnight now the index flies,
When God shall tear his clock-work from the skies!

V.

In Palestine, it was the noon of ages
When rose that Sun
Predicted in old prophets' hallowed pages,
The glorious One,
Whose happy kingdom steadfast shall abide,
When earth is lost in ruin's mighty tide!

SIC TRANSIT.

VI.

Thrice five dim centuries again had hovered

O'er ocean far,

Where lay a second world all undiscovered;

No guiding star

That dark, mysterious region to explore,

When lo, Columbus leaped upon its shore!

VII.

Then saw the forests a strong reaper reaping;

Resistless, rude;

How fell the giants where his scythe was sweeping

The solitude;

Till beauty reigned where monsters used to roam,

And earth's down-trodden found a glorious home.

FOR CATHARINE'S ALBUM.

I AM seated now, with my pen in hand,
But the "gift" is gone, and my theme unplanned,
And I cannot call from the muses' hill
A single spirit to wait my will.
So I take your name and attempt to divine
The hidden meaning of Catharine.

C, calmness, courage, confidence imparts
A, adds admirers, advocates the arts,
T, trusts to truth, tho' tried thro' trickling tears.
H, rules the harmony that charms the spheres,
A nd whoso's ears are deaf, it touches, and he hears.
R, is religion, and its righteous reign,
I, shuns applause, but ministers to pain,
N, a nobility of soul displays,
E, ends the verse, but breathes its last in praise.

THE ABSENT PASTOR.

I.

Peace of God!—sweet river, flowing
Down to every humble heart
Faith! with constant glory glowing,
Do ye grief and gloom impart?
Why thus droop our hearts in sorrow?
Gilead! hast thou lost thy balm?
Will a storm arise to-morrow,
Saviour! which thou canst not calm?

II.

When the shepherd far is taken
From the flock that he hath led,
And the lambs are all forsaken,
From his hand so often fed,

THE ABSENT PASTOR.

Sadly o'er the pasture straying,
They lament the absent guide ;
Vain the mead its charms displaying,
Joy may there no more abide.

III.

Now—(the Past hath flown, how fleetly !
That sad, hapless flock are we,
Zion's fold united sweetly ;
But the shepherd—where is he ?
Far in other lands, a stranger,
He proclaims the Prince of Peace :
Angels ! guard his path from danger,
Till his toil and peril cease.

IV.

Soldier ! take thy banner !—ever
Spread it boldly to the breeze ;
Fear not !—nought our love shall sever,
Time nor distance, land nor seas.
Go Devoted ! tell the story ;
Loud the trump of Zion blow ;
Burning for thy Master's glory,
Pilgrim—Shepherd—Soldier—go !

THE LIBERTY POLE.

A Liberty Pole was cut in the woods and erected at Coytesville, on the Palisades, Fourth of July, as part of the festivities of the day. This Ode was sung on the occasion.

I.

HARK, hark, in the forest a thundering sound,
As when a nation rejoices!
'Tis a falling oak as it meets the ground,
With the shouts of mountain voices!
Like a joyous song it rolls along,
In mighty chorus chanting,
Here's work to do, ye strong and true,
The Tree of Freedom planting!

II.

They gather around where the giant fell,
A band of the giant-hearted,
And again the echoing anthems swell,
As the branching boughs are parted!

THE LIBERTY POLE.

Down, down to the depths of the caves below,
Let the base of the spar be driven,
And the tapering stem triumphantly grow
To the lofty dome of heaven!

III.

'Tis the glorious day of Liberty's birth;
And while the world's chains are falling,
Let us stretch our arms to the ends of the earth,
To her struggling heroes calling,—
The girdle of Union that binds us now
No tyranny e'er shall sever,
By our towering shaft and its banner we vow
To be free and united forever!

IV.

All praise to the patriot's FRIEND above,
Ineffable in splendor;
Unto Him be songs of grateful love,
Who was WASHINGTON's Defender!
Sing, freemen, sing, while your axes swing
In mighty chorus chanting,
Here's work to do, ye strong and true,
The Tree of Freedom planting!

THE PEN.

SOME strive to be witty
In praising the pretty,
And many a ditty
Is written, I ken,
Not half so sincerely,
So dearly, or clearly,
As may be made merely
Concerning the PEN.

It is a logician—
A mathematician—
A mute rhetorician—
A sage, a fool;
A crafty contriver,
A wicked conniver,
That breaks for a stiver
The Golden Rule.

THE PEN.

The Pen! it has power
To sweeten the sour,
To soothe the sad hour,
And sadden the gay;
To conquer a hero,
To soften a Nero,
And shed upon zero
A melting ray.

And then it is chilling,
Unwilling, or killing;
Cuts off with a shilling
The hopes of the heir.
The storm of life's ocean
That keeps it in motion,
Drives some to devotion,
And some to despair.

The sighs of the lover
It puts under cover,
And all the world over
They silently pass,

THE PEN.

No mortal ear hearing
Those sighs so endearing,
Until they are cheering
The rightful lass.

What wealth it disburses!
Full pockets and purses,
And beautiful verses,
(Like these) with a stroke!
What comical capers
It cuts in the papers,
Fuss, fury, and vapors—
All ending in smoke!

The Pen does the fighting,
The wronging and righting,
Inviting and slighting,
The praise and abuse:
Yea, every profession
Must make this concession—
Our pride and progression
We owe to the goose!

FOR AN ALBUM.

How like an album life's oft changing scene:

Pure from our Maker's hand we first appear;
Our frontal picture, Innocence serene,
In wonder gazing on a starting tear.

Thence follow many the blank years of youth,
With here and there a leaf of faded flowers;
Poor painted mockeries of nature's truth,
And vain resemblances of wasted hours.

As on we turn, perchance the folios teem
With dainty chapters, poesy and prose;
But ah, how worthless oftentimes the theme;
Follies begin our book, and follies close.

A MEDITATION.

I.

Life is a fleeting thing,
Ever upon the wing,
Transient the hours that bring
The night and day.
Pleasures, like Cynthia's beam,
Lovely a moment seem,
Clouds sail athwart the gleam
And hide the ray.

II.

Love hath the name of joy,
But Cupid, the arch boy,
Oft doth the heart decoy
To be deceived.

A MEDITATION.

Friendship is but a word
E'en as a tale absurd,
Spoken, but seldom heard
To be believed.

III.

Fame is a trumpet's blast,
Loud, strong, but soon the last
Note, into silence past
Is heard no more.
Laurels of triumph die
Soon as the warrior's eye
Closes in death,—a sigh—
And all is o'er.

IV.

But for the Christian soul
Vainly from pole to pole,
Oceans of sorrow roll,
Him to destroy;
For, in the deepest sea,
Hope shall his solace be,
And in eternity
Fullness of joy.

THE POLISH MOWERS.

I.

EARLY a spoiler came
And quenched a nation's name:
That name was lost
Till that nation's wo
Did overflow !

II.

Wrung from the tyrant's grasp,
From slavery's iron clasp,
Again unfurled
The avenging Pole,
His BANNEROL !

THE POLISH MOWERS.

Rousing his slumbering might
The peasant sought the fight
Girt with his SCYTHE;
For his work was then—
To harvest men!

IV.

The KOSCIUSCAN band
Bade the oppressor stand!
And utter there
To the rustic sword,
This warning word!

V.

Fiercely the foe rushed on!
But fearful deeds were done
On the field of death,
Where the free blood flowed,
And the mowers mowed!

THE TEST.

I.

IN thy early prime, when thy heart is gay,
And a merry voice calleth—up ! away !
Away, and partake of the choicest things
The world in its folly around the flings;
Pluck every flower of ill delight
That poisons the heart, and deceives the sight;
If thou hast a friend, who a friend would prove,
He will chide thy course, though he lose thy love.

II.

When the sign of manhood comes on thy brow,
And ambition pilots thy daring prow :
Though thy way be over the smoothest sea,
And the prize of fame seemeth just a-lee,

THE TEST.

Or thy eager hand be already laid
On the glorious goal thy desires have made;
When thou dreamest not of an hour of care,
True friendship will counsel thee still—prepare!

III.

And when that the trial is come, and all
Thy stateliest fancyings fade and fall;
When the ear of envy hath heard thy fame,
And the blight of slander is on thy name;
When fortune's propitious breezes fail,
And adversity shatters thy silken sail,
And roaring surges thy bark o'erwhelm,
If thou hast a friend, he will seize the helm.

IV.

When hope's last sun is adown the west,
And shadows darken thy lonely breast;
When the bursting bosom can hold no more,
And the fount of sorrow is running o'er;
And the writhing heart, in its burning cell,
Conceives a thought it were sin to tell; •
Oh, then, for the true and enduring love,
And the Friend of the soul, look above.

GONE HOME.

He has gone to his home—for the eventide
Is come, and his toils are o'er:
He has gone where his Mary and babes abide
And he never will leave them more.

II.

He has gone to his home—for within the fold
The flock of his kindly care
He has safely closed, and a stone has rolled,
That the wolves may not enter there.

III.

He has gone to his home—for the climbing vines
In clustering fruits abound;
He has tied for the tendrils their guiding lines,
And the scions are pruned around.

GONE HOME.

IV.

He has gone to his home—for the race is run,
And the wreath is around his brow;
The angels saw when the prize was won,
And they greet him in heaven now.

V.

He has gone to the rest of the righteous dead
And sweetly shall he repose
Till the day shall dawn on his peaceful bed
That never shall know a close.

A PSALM IN THE PESTILENCE.

I.

OH! Spirit, by whose sovereign hand
A universe is swayed;
Who looketh o'er our guilty land
And maketh us afraid;
Behold, with deep contrition's sigh,
We at thy feet appear;
Bow from thy habitation high,
Oh, Deity! and hear.

II.

Our feet have turned away from thee,
To wander in the groves
Of mammonite idolatry,
And sinful, sensual loves.
Vain pride our hearts hath lifted up;
Thy laws we scorned to keep;
Drank deep of sin's unhallowed cup;
Revelled!—but now we weep!

PSALM IN THE PESTILENCE.

III.

Oh, God! we know thou long hast borne;
Long spared the unfruitful tree;
Yet stay the vengeance thou hast sworn;
Yet let thy creatures—be!
Return thy sword upon thy thigh;
Command thine arrows back;
Nor let thy scathing fury fly,
Throughout the destined track.

IV.

The angry finger of thy power,
That taints the vital breath,
And from the morn to midnight hour,
Directs the shafts of death,
Remove; and from thy mercy-seat
The healthful spirit send;
While now, all suppliant at thy feet,
Thy chastened people bend.

TATTLETOWN.

Come, Age and Youth,
A tale of fancy, yet a tale of truth,
I pray attend, while I reluctant tell,
What woful times in Tattletown befel.

Fair Tattletown!
Alas, that stars so bright so soon go down.
Time was its borders knew no sin nor harm;
But that was only when it was a farm.

Soon fled its joys,
When streets, and houses, trade, and romping boys,
And such disturbers of the rural peace,
Gave frequent note of Tattletown's increase.

TATTLETOWN.

Yet all was safe,
While nought was said or done to vex and chafe
And people were content to buy and sell,
And mind their business quietly and well.

And still it grew;
A church was built, and eke a tavern too;
For oft, in sooth, as elsewhere in the land,
Their punch and piety went hand in hand.

Rolled on a year;
With health, and harmony, and social cheer;
And then, alas, mysterious and sad,
All Tattletown seemed suddenly stark mad.

As you have seen,-
Some mastiff and grimalkin on the green,
With growl and scowl each other fiercely spy,
So these grim neighbors each would each defy.

O grievous fate!
Such steady people in so queer a state.
No head could nod, no eye could kindly glance,
And friendly chat was scarce as Dutch in France.

TATTLETOWN.

All ties were rent;
The fondest love grew cold and discontent;
The tavern raved like bedlam in despair,
And hatred triumphed in the House of Prayer.

Physicians vain;
The epidemic's source could none explain.
Nor how it spread with still augmenting rage,
Till all seemed bears just broken out of cage.

How passing strange!
What could have wrought such melancholy change?
What witch, or wizard, fiend or spirit foul,
Had made each cheerful chum a churlish owl?

Revealed at last!
The days of doubt and mystery went past.
The baleful air that o'er the town had hung,
Was found distilling from each Tattler's tongue!

MORNING.

"Tis sweet to greet the glorious sun,
O'er eastern hills appearing,
His swift, untiring race to run,
Through azure skies careering;
While grot, and cot, and rippling rill,
And mead and vale are smiling,
And warbling birds the greenwood thrill,
The ploughman's toil beguiling.
To raise in praise earth's highest strain,
To Him such bliss bestowing,
O wake, and break dull slumber's chain,
While early morn is glowing.

GLAD TIDINGS.

I.

CHURCH of the cross, rejoice! The hour
That breaks the sway of heathen power
Chimes from the Clock of Ages! Hark!—
How doth that peal upon the dark
Receding centuries, appal!
The Watchmen each to other call,
And lo! The shrines of Moloch fall.

II.

Rejoice! There dawns a glorious day!
The Sun of Truth with flashing ray,
Chases the shades of error far;
And millions hail the Morning Star
That brings the mental jubilee;
The groping soul begins to see,
And Universal Mind is free!

GLAD TIDINGS.

III.

Where Don and Danube roar along,
Goes up the all-inspiring song;
Far Gaudalquiver's plains reply,
And Ural thunders back the cry;
High Altay gives an answering nod,
And Indus breaks the pagan rod,
For Light, and Liberty, and God!

IV.

The Lord hath put forth his hand,
He hath spoken the word of might,
And every heathen land
Hath seen the ineffable light!
The glorious beaming,
That long hath been gleaming
From Calvary's blood-stained height,
Hath pierced the partition
Of dark superstition,
And vanquished idolatry's night.

V.

Where the captive's breast was bared,
To the sacrificial knife,
The Christian's sign is reared,

GLAD TIDINGS.

And the doomed are shouting "LIFE!"
Life, light, and salvation;—
To every nation
The tidings have freely flown;
From Greenland's bleak mountains,
To Africa's fountains,
Hath the silver trump been blown.

VI.

Afar, on the golden shore
Of India, it rends the air;
And Juggernaut's reign is o'er,
For the cross is planted there.
And there it will flourish,
For heaven will nourish,
And water it as a tree
Till its branches shall cover
The spacious earth over,
And all shall its excellence see.

VII.

The glory of Islam fails!
Over mosque, over minaret,
The word of the Lord prevails,
For the sun of their day is set.

GLAD TIDINGS.

Mohammed's delusion
Is set in confusion;
Vain, vain is the Mussulman's prayer,
And vain his dissembling,
His empire is trembling,
For the finger of doom is there.

VIII.

And Judah hath heard the call:

He wakes from his long, long sleep,
The scales from his eyelids fall,
And he turns him away to weep;
To weep his delaying,
His erring and straying,
So long from the chosen ONE;
The Saviour receiving,
The Gospel believing,
He yields—and the work is done.

IX.

The billow-tossed mariner now,
Sees Jesus upon the main,
And shouts from his gallant prow,
"Over earth, over ocean reign!"

GLAD TIDINGS.

Come, Lord, and deliver
The sea and the river,
And the port from sin's control;
Let sailors' rough voices
Cry, "Zion rejoices!"
From South to the northern pole."

X.

The forest gives back the sound:
The red man's rapture bursts,
And reverberates around—
Ho! every one that thirsts,
Come! come to the waters!
His sons and his daughters,
Are hastening to drink and live;
The wilderness ringing,
Replies to their singing,
Forgiven! and we forgive.

XI.

The combat yell hath ceased:
Where the belted warrior stood,
Stands now the Christian priest,
With the battle-axe of God.

GLAD TIDINGS.

The triumph is urging!
The Indian emerging
From dark superstition's sway,
Uprises his banner,
And joins the hosannah,
That ushers the Gospel-day.

ALL GONE.

I.

THE early bud of life,
And the full blooming flower
And the strong and stately stem,
They are gone—in an hour!

II.

They are gone, they are gone,
Like the tints of the sky ;
While we said “how beautiful!”
Lo! they all have passed by.

III.

I see a lonely hearth,
A patriarchal sire :
There are empty seats for four,
By the side of his fire.

ALL GONE.

IV.

They are gone! they are gone!

He calls to them in vain;
Ah, old man, they hear thee not:
They will never come again.

V.

But thou wilt go to them;
Thou art done with the earth:
Thou hast nothing further now
With its woes or its mirth.

VI.

The morrow thou shalt mark,
A lone leaf on the blast,
Then arise, and take thy staff,
Thou art here for the last.

VII.

And autumn winds shall say,
As they sigh round the door,—
All are gone! to return—
Nevermore—nevermore!

NOTHINGS.

How heedless the world of the wonderful truth,
Familiar to every ciphering youth,
That, naught after naught, as right onward you go,
To hundreds and thousands the magnitudes grow.

“ “Tis naught!” says the heart, when it wishes to sin,
Then opens and lets the iniquity in;
But learns the sad lesson, full early and long,
That slight as it seemed, 'tis a mountain of wrong.

“ “Tis naught!” says the tempter, “for children to cheat,
And cover their guilt by a little deceit.”
But oh, when the sum of such nothings is shown,
All honor and candor away will have flown.

NOTHINGS.

Young Ned stole a penny from grandmother's purse.
"Tis nothing," said he, "I am nothing the worse."
Yet all his mere nothings I shudder to name,
He grew up a villain, and perished in shame.

Eliza was pert, and would have her own way;
Nor parents nor teachers inclined to obey.
"Twas nothing in childhood, but oh, with her years,
What bitter reflections, what penitent tears.

A boy took delight in impaling a fly:
"Tis nothing," said he, "for an insect to die:"
Too cruel and sad his career to relate—
A murderer's heart—and a murderer's fate!

Dear children, no sin can be harmless or small,
To Him who created and watches you all:
Oh, raise your young hearts to your Saviour above,
And pray for humility, mercy and love.

AN EPITAPH.

I.

WEEP, ye that pass this hallowed ground,
More for the living than the dead;
For tears on earth must still abound,
But Fanny from all grief hath fled.

II.

Thou dear departed, to thy shade
Thy mother's love hath raised this stone,
Where soon she shall with thee be laid,
And thy memorial be her own.

THE WANDERER.

I.

THE evening shadows were gathered o'er,
In sweet repose upon hill and lea,
The ploughman sat at his cottage door,
The birds were flown to the forest tree,
The zephyrs playfully swept along
As they bore the notes of a mournful song.

II.

"Twas poured so wildly upon the air,
It seemed the burst of some deep despair
As when the loving forever part,
Or murmurs steal from a broken heart.

III.

The thrilling tones of that sad, sad strain,
Went moaning over the hill and lea—
The peasant hied to the field again,

THE WANDERER.

IV.

The birds flew out of the forest tree—
The mill boy wended his way more slow,
To list the wanderer's tale of wo.

V.

"O, once the beauty of youth was mine,
And joy its flowers was wont to twine
To deck my fair and unclouded brow,
But these as dreams, I remember now.

VI.

Ah, once I dwelt in a peaceful home,
And kindred voices were mingled there ;
I deemed not then that I e'er should roam,
Or drink of sorrow this bitter share,
A wanderer here, to the winds to tell
They are gone, all gone whom I loved so well.

VII.

Ah, one there was when my hopes were high,
My brightest star in life's morning sky ;
Soon, soon that light of my spirit fled
To the shadowy land of the blessed dead !

THE WANDERER.

VIII.

And well I ween did my mother love
The son that stayed her declining years,
But her dear spirit is now above;
Her kindly hand cannot wipe the tears
That wo hath urged to my hueless cheek,
Nor her voice in soothing accents speak.

IX.

Though eyes there are that are beaming bright,
Though forms there are that are fair as light,
Though smiles and love in them all there be,
They beam and glow but in vain for me."

X.

Deep murky shadows were gathered o'er,
And night came down upon hill and lea,
The ploughman hied to his cottage door,
The birds sped home to the sheltering tree,
And in the tempest that swept along,
Was lost that sad, mysterious song.

SEVASTOPOL.

I

Out from the icy North,
Wild tumults thunder forth;
And where the echoes roll,
Shrieks many a warrior's soul,
Sevastopol!

II.

Sevastopol! Afar,
A dread, portentous Star!
O star, what seest thou there,
Down through the murky air?—
Despair! despair!

SEVASTOPOL.

III.

Vesuvius of wrath !
Fierce Moloch's blasted path !
Yea star, thou sayest well—
Thou seest where Satan fell !—
Thou seest Hell !

IV.

O Bard of Britain's isle,
Pipe the loud lay the while ;
But no heroic stave,
Shall bring the great and brave,
Up from the grave !

V.

Alas ! Balaklavæ !
Weep mountain, vale, and sea !
Russ, Albion and Gaul,
One mighty dirge for all—
Sevastopol !

B E W A R E!

I.

LOVE 'tis said, is very sweet,
Seems so gentle, speaks so fair;
Men and maidens, all you meet—
Hall or bower, home or street,
Singing—"Love is very sweet!"—
But beware!

II.

How we listen when he sings,
Thinking all his song is true;
Ah, we do not see his wings!
Like a laden bee, he brings
Stores of honey—but he stings
Like it, too!

B E W A R E.

III.

Bliss in ocean seems to roll,
Ah, delicious—but too deep,
Soothing, while it drowns the soul!
Knell of tranquil pleasures—toll!
Oh the sweet narcotic bowl—
Fatal sleep!

IV.

Love is drawn in youthful mould;
Would you know the reason why,
None have ever seen him old!
For, if weary he, or cold,
His sad story soon is told,
He must die!

VI.

Changing as the fitful breeze,
All his fond professions nought;
Like the wind among the trees,
More to plunder than to please:
Cannot trust him—on his knees—
Never ought!

BEWARE.

VII.

Such the elf who so allures
Youth, unwary of his snare:
Ah, the pangs the heart endures
When his victim he secures!
Be they neither mine nor yours—
But beware!

FILIAL LOVE

I.

MANY things in Nature
 Beautiful there be,
Rivulets and rivers,
 Flowing to the sea;
Dew-drops in the morning
 Sparkling in the sun;
And the gilded hill-tops,
 When the day is done.
Beautiful the flowers,
 And the blooming trees,
And the yellow harvest,
 Waving in the breeze;
The reviving shower,
 When the fields are dry;

FILIAL LOVE

And the tinted rainbow,
Spanning all the sky;
Earth and air obeying
Each divine decree;
Many things in Nature
Beautiful there be.

II.

Yet the heart's emotions
Fairer still may prove,
Streams of earnest feeling,
Flowing into love;
Dew-drops of compassion,
In sweet woman's eye;
And the brow of manhood,
Where truth's sunbeams lie
Showers of blest kindness.
When afflictions call;
Gratitude, like rainbows,
Beaming over all.
Nature thus, and goodness,
Many things declare,

FILIAL LOVE

Wonderful in beauty,

Heavenly and rare;

But of all things lovely,

That on earth may be,

Gentle, firm, confiding,

FILIAL LOVE, for me!

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

I.

Look upon the bright side,
Oh ye sad and poor,
All things have a right side,
The Bright side!
Every ill a cure,
Oh ye sad and poor.

II.

Purest in the deep well
The sweet waters lie;
Heart, if thou wouldest sleep well,
The Deep Well
Of affliction try,—
Drink, to live—to die!

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

III.

Fairer doth the vine grow,
For the pruner's knife;
Wouldst thou make the wine flow,
The Vine grow,
Wage unceasing strife
With the weeds of life.

IV.

Farthest in the midnight,
Nearest to the dawn;
Morning's beams will bid night,
The midnight,
Flee the gloomy lawn,—
Comes the rosy dawn.

V.

Look upon the bright side,
Oh ye sad and poor,
All things have a right side,
The Bright Side!
Oh ye sad and poor!
Every ill a cure.

FAITHFUL JAKE.

A lady having a handsome dog that became too mature and sturdy for a parlor pet, gave him away. He was subsequently killed while defending bravely his master's premises at night. His name was Jake.

SING a requiem for Jake—

Once so beautiful and young :

Sleeping now no more to wake.

Let a mournful dirge be sung—

Weep, O willow, o'er his head ;

Poor Jake is dead !

Muse, his virtues now declare ;

Let the Bard his deeds rehearse :

Dog so brave in every hair,

Let him live again in verse :

In this doleful, dog-grel strain,

Now live again.

JAKE.

Born to be a beauty's pet,
Nurtured in her maiden lap;
Ah, methinks I see him yet,
Sipping from her palm his pap,
In that paradise with her;
O, happy cur!

Sped the time, and how he grew;
Pleasures, ah, how swift they move;
Blissful moments how they flew.

Jake was soon too old to love;
Gentle, joyous, strong and bold,
But ah, too old!

O, the cheating dream of youth;
O, the dreary days beyond;
Dog, or man, how sad the truth,
Woman's heart no more is fond,
When the bloom of youthful years
No more appears!

Jake must find another home:
Nestle near some warmer heart;
Wheresoever he may go,

JAKE.

Now from her he must depart.
Jake, thy mistress wills it so,
And thou must go.

Courage, Jake! thy tail uprear:
Love shall yet reward thy worth;
Thou shalt find some friend sincere,
And beside some glowing hearth,
Growl defiance to all care,
And all the fair.

Follow him, my truthful pen,
By the river, o'er the lea,
Up the hill, and down the glen;
What a gallant dog was he.
Trusty, fearless, wide-awake—
Ah, matchless Jake!

Now no guardian at the gate,
No swift herald at the door;
Bower and garden desolate,
He is romping there no more.
Silent avenue and lawn,
For Jake is gone.

JAKE.

Gone, the terror of the sty,
Rooting pigs may venture out;
Thieving fowls abroad may fly,
No stern sentinel about,
No avenger now to dread,
For Jake is dead!

Lay him gently by the brook,
Deep beside the mossy stone,
In the cool secluded nook,
Where he loved to sit alone:
This strange legend o'er him penned—

A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

THE GATE.

TELL me that sweet story Uncle,
That you promised to relate,
When together we were walking,
Down the garden to the Gate.
It reminded you of something,
You had read of, or had seen ;
Something pleasant that had happened,
Maybe, when you saw the Queen.

Then my uncle touched his forehead,
As the thought he would recall,
But he seemed to be oblivious,
Could not recollect at all.
In his books, and in his travels,
Many a gate he knew indeed,
But of one with a sweet story,
Who could ever hear or read ?

THE GATE.

If I would permit a sermon,
Haply soon the doubt should cease;
Lo, the narrow gate of Virtue,
And its pleasant paths of peace.
Enter at the radiant portal,
Happy every maiden there;
Flowers of truth forever blooming;
Life immortal in the air.

Shun the fatal gate of Folly;
Ruin in her jewelled arm,
Sorrow in her gaudy bowers,
Death in every seeming charm.
Samson and the gates of Gaza.
Too, were an instructive tale,
How a beautiful Delilah
May o'er mighty men prevail!

You may read in Trojan story,
How a luckless gate they made,
To receive the fierce invader,
In a wooden horse conveyed;
Noble and heroic Ilium,
Thus to meet so sad a fate,

THE GATE

For a fair but faithless Helen,

Tempted from her husband's gate,

Shall I tell you of the Hurl-gate,

Fast by Manahatta's shore;

Or the gate of El-dorado,

Whence they bring the golden ore,

Or yon toll-gate, where the traveller,

Prince or peasant, still must pay;

E'en as all on life's brief journey

Weep their tribute by the way.

Gates romantic and historie,

Crowding all the paths of time,

Ever since the gates of Eden

Opened Earth to love and crime.

Gates of castles, gates of dungeons,

And the flood-gate at the mill;

But the one with a sweet story

He could not remember still.

Seeing then my disappointment,

Uncle seemed to try again;

Oh, ah, yes,—a scene last evening,

Might the mystery explain.

THE GATE

He was sitting at his casement,
Musing in the Moon's bright beam,
When a footstep down the garden,
Broke his meditative dream.

And, said he, would you believe it,
As I held my breath in check,
I saw Edward at the wicket,
With—your arm around his neck!
And he whispered a sweet story,
As he drew you to his breast,
Then,—but here I stopt my uncle,—
And—he didn't tell the rest.

OUT TO BATTLE.

I.

Up, ye Nations!—Fame is calling;
There is glory to be won:
Dark the storm of War is falling—
Every soldier to his gun!
Hear the clash, the roar, the rattle;
Hear the cry—
Up ye nations!—out to battle!—
Dare to die!

II.

Out to battle!—live in story:
Who would breathe a craven breath?
Who, to win a soldier's glory,
Would not die a soldier's death?
Drum and trump, the heavens rending,
Rouse the van—
Onward!—hilt to hilt contending—
Man to man.

OUT TO BATTLE.

III.

What the groans of all the dying,

Or the dismal fields of dead;

If the banner still be flying

O'er the ghastly, "gory bed!"

Onward still, ye living legions—

Strike the blow!

Blood!—to earth's remotest regions

Let it flow.

IV.

What though there be widows weeping;

What though orphans pine for bread?

They disturb no hero, sleeping

In the heaps of mangled dead.

Haste from all ignoble duty—

Spurn your farms:

Bravely now, for "beauty—booty,"

Rush to arms!

V.

Leave the plow, the scythe, the sowing,

All ye dwellers of the glen:

There be other fields for mowing—

Mowing now your fellow-men,

OUT TO BATTLE.

Glory every breast inspiring,
Seize the brand !
Strike, and see a world expiring,
By your hand !

VI.

Ah, ye Christians ! God is calling ;
There is glory to be won :
Dark the storm of war is falling :
There is duty to be done.
Hear the clash, the roar, the rattle ;
Hear the cry :
Out, to your Redeemer's battle,
Dare to die !

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✓e.

